Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.
BARD. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.
NORTH. Good, an heaven will!
BARD. As good as heart can wish:—
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas : young prince John,
And Westmoreland and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Caesar's fortunes!
NORTH, How is this deriv'd ?
Saw you the field ? came you from Shrewsbury ?
BARD. I spake with one, my lord, that came from
thence;
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd. me these news for true.
NORTH. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom
I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.
BARD. My lord, I over-rode him on the way:
And he 5s furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

NORTH. Now, Travers, what good tidings come
with you ?
TRA. My lord, sir John Umfrevile turn'd me
back
With joyful tidings; and; being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him, came spurring hard,